High-Church and the Doctor out of Breath:

OR,

A ſeaſonable Stop to the High-flying Squadron.

NOW let all true Loyal Subjects rejoice,
The Firebrand Squadron no further advance;
The Artill'ry Heroes they firſt made the Stand,
'Gainſt thoſe who late had inflamed this Land.
For no truer Loyalty ever was ſeen,
Than by the Whigs hath been ſhewn to the Queen.
The Doctor at St. *Pauls* in Flames did appear,
Accuſing thoſe that ſtill true Loyal are,
The Flag he hung out, and Aid called in,
With Outcry of Danger to Church and the Queen.
But no truer Loyalty ever was ſeen,
Than by the Whigs hath been ſhewn to the Queen.
High-Church and the Dr. for many Months paſt,
Was the Noiſe of the Rabble with wondrous Haſt,
Cry none but the Doctor our Church doth defend,
Who all the Low-Church to the *D---l* wou'd ſend.
But no truer Loyalty ever was ſeen,
Than by the Low-Church is ſhewn to the Queen.
To Influ'nce the Election of Parliament Men,
The Tool was ſent out, but what hath he done;
The Zealots now ſee their Miſtake in the Man,
And to curb his Inſolence do all they can.
But no truer Loyalty ever was ſeen,
Than by the Low-Church is ſhewn to the Queen
High-Church in e'r'y Place wou'd fain bear the Sway,
Still to do this they abound in foul Play,
I'th' *Eaſt-India* Company, ſo in the *Bank*,
It fully appear'd by their ſilly Prank, *(Liſt of 23)*
But no truer Loyalty ever was ſeen,
Than by the Low-Church is ſhewn to the Queen.
The *Doctor* he had to influence the Choice,
A Qualification, that he might have a Voice,
But all they could do, would not carry the day,
Low-Church in each Place doth ſtill bear the Sway.
For no truer Loyalty ever was ſeen,
Than by the Low-Church is ſhewn to the Queen.
Then for an Alderman of the *Bridge-Ward*,
In the Room of Sr. *Charles*, with loyal Regard,
To Church and the Queen, they put up a *LAD*,
Could no better Support to each then be had?
But no truer Loyalty ever was ſeen,
Than by the Low-Church is ſhown to the Queen.
To carry the Election they ſhuffled and cut,
And by ſome baſe Tricks they got my Lord's Book
But it was diſcover'd, and brought to the Light
So the Dr. and his Lad, are in ſorrowful Plight
Still no truer Loyalty ever was ſeen,
Than by the Low Church will be ſhewn to the Queen.

London: Printed in the Year, 1711. *Price*, 1d.